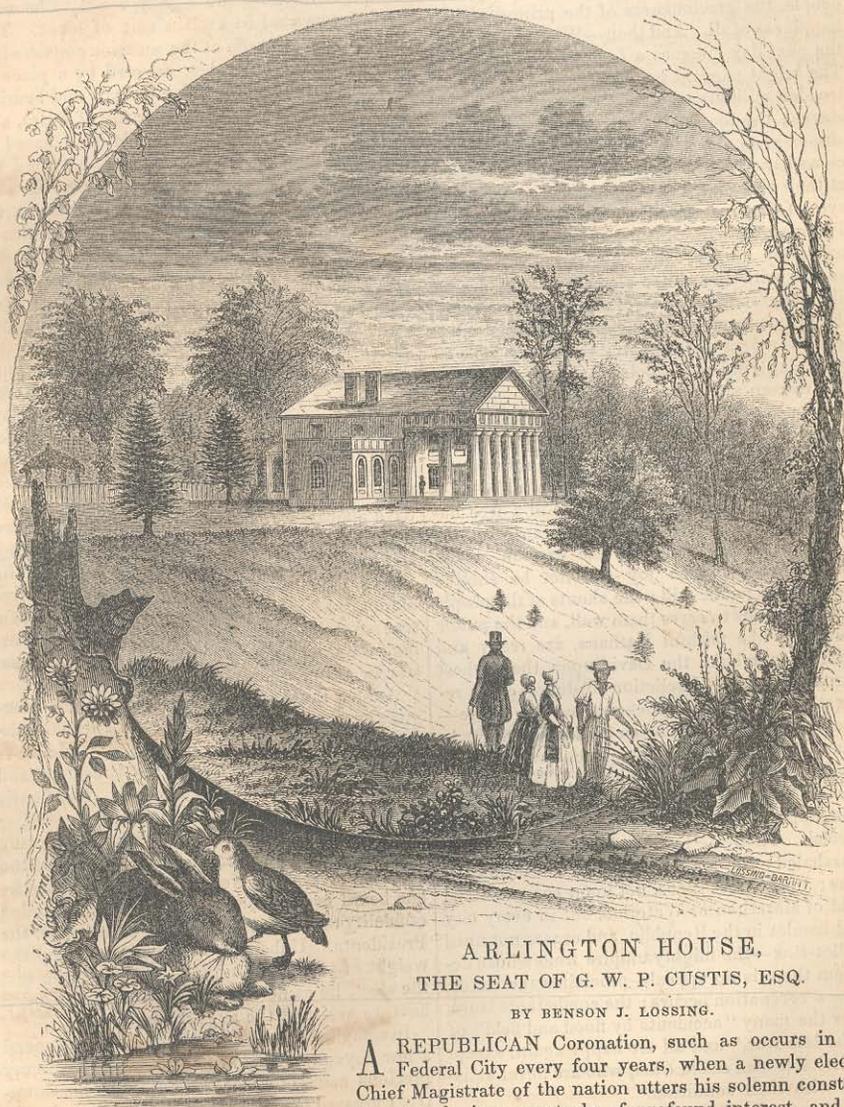


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ARLINGTON HOUSE,
THE SEAT OF G. W. P. CUSTIS, ESQ.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

A REPUBLICAN Coronation, such as occurs in the Federal City every four years, when a newly elected Chief Magistrate of the nation utters his solemn constitutional oath, is a spectacle of profound interest, and involves a lesson of the highest importance.

It is a great day in Europe, where monarchy prevails, when a prince by accident of birth, not anointed by the suffrages of the people, but by the often bloody hands of feudal custom, is decorated with a jeweled bauble upon his head, is covered with a robe of purple and minivir, and is made to hold a gilded wand, like Titania in the picture-books, as an emblem of authority. Then the people shout, and unshotted cannon boom, and drums beat, and bells ring forth their merriest peals, and men, women, and children, in velvet or in fustian, appear as joyful as if the inauguration of the millennium had come—as if a perpetual jubilee had been proclaimed. Then the public journals vaunt the loyalty of the people, the graciousness of the prince, and the happiness of all. And then—What then? Why the next day “comes a frost, a chilling frost.” The bright pageant has disappeared; the downtrodden millions who shouted yesterday are still slaves; the foot of the prince whom they worshiped yesterday is upon their necks, his avaricious hand is in their pockets, and his weapons at their throats; and Alexander appears to the eye of just appreciation no better than the Thracian robber. Loyal huzzas are silenced by rebellious curses; the substratum of society heaves with the active elements of revolution, like the ground when an earthquake is rampant; the prince trembles; the cannon are shotted, to teach the *herd* submission; the merry bells of yesterday ring out a doleful alarm; and men and women are at the barricades.

Not so the Republican Coronation-day of America, and its future. No tinsel pageantry dazzles the people; no emblem of authority is placed in the hand of the honored one, for he is a *servant*, not a *master*; the voice of a free nation, freely expressed, is the guarantee of the strength of his position; the cannon which enunciate the public joy can not be shotted against the public will; the shouts of the people are commands to serve them well, and the public journals, like faithful Nathans, are ready and willing to rebuke the David upon the highest throne, for every dereliction of duty—every relaxation of effort for the good of the whole—every faltering in the beaten track of rigid republican doctrine; and the people go away to their well-requited toil, and are happy. No sighs for a change of rulers are heard until another election approaches, and the fishers for office are abroad. Then the bannered hosts of party are marshaled; the long-announced revolution begins; the contest rages, not upon some isolated field of Marathon or Waterloo, but in every city and hamlet in the Republic, and ceases not until Ballot-Box—the mighty umpire from whose decision there is no appeal—proclaims the victor. A new coronation occurs; the combatants laugh over the many “accidents by flood and field” of “the late war,” and all are happy again, except an irritable clan called *Outs*, who are never satisfied with their condition.

I was in the Federal City on the occasion of the last Republican Coronation. Having no

“friends at court” to give me shelter under the superb eastern portico of the Capitol, where the ceremonies were to occur, I stood for two hours in the open area in front, with thousands of other democratic citizens, pelted by sharp sleet, driven by a keen northeast wind, to witness the inauguration of the fourteenth President of the United States. A rude platform of rough boards had been erected over the great eastern stairs of the Capitol, and at the appointed hour the President-elect, accompanied by the retiring Chief Magistrate, the great officers of State, of the judiciary, the army, and navy, and the diplomats of foreign governments, appeared upon it. The recipient of the great dignity about to be conferred was clad in a plain suit of black. The entire paraphernalia of the occasion consisted of a small mahogany table, covered by a piece of red cloth of the value of five dollars, and bearing a Bible, a brown stone pitcher full of water, and a tenpenny tumbler. With his head bared to the pelting storm, and his right hand lifted toward heaven, the Chief Magistrate gave his solemn pledge of fidelity to the Constitution, by affirmation, and then turning to the multitude—an integral part of the great power which he represented—he proclaimed, as the orthodox creed for his guidance, those great political doctrines which, like the lever of Archimedes, having the rock of Truth for a fulcrum, are lifting the earth—or rather the nations of the earth—from darkness and dank misery, to the light and free air of real Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. How little—how exceedingly insignificant, to the eye of the true philosopher and hopeful apostle of freedom—would Louis Napoleon, or any other ruler by the grace of bayonets and gunpowder, have appeared upon that rough platform of New Hampshire pine, with all his gaudy trappings and pomp of manner, by the side of Franklin Pierce, the chosen servant of a mighty and free nation, who stood there in all the dignity of a true sovereign, undistinguished in form and bearing from the humblest citizen, by ribbon or cross, star or garter, sceptre or crown!

Among those who came to witness the inauguration was George Washington Parke Custis, the venerable proprietor of Arlington House—the adopted son of the great First President, and last surviving executor of his will. Mr. Custis (then a lad) was present when his foster-father responded to the oath of office administered by Chancellor Livingston, upon the balcony of the old Federal Hall, in New York, in 1789; and he has heard every succeeding quadrennial pledge of fidelity to the Constitution from the lips of the Presidents. Unbent in body or in mind by the weight of years, and unmindful of the gale and the sleet, he came over the Potomac in an open boat, to assist at the august ceremonies.

In compliance with a cordial invitation to spend a few days at Arlington House, where are many precious mementoes of the Father of his Country, I crossed the ferry at Georgetown early one bright morning, and found Mr. Custis in his studio, giving some last touches to his picture



G. H. Custis

of *The Surrender at Yorktown*, the largest and best of the productions of his amateur pencil. At the age of almost threescore and ten years, he conceived the patriotic idea of employing his genius and skill in the use of colors, in transferring to canvas his impressions of scenes in the principal battles of the Revolution, in which Washington was engaged. Familiar from infancy with men who fought these battles; listening often to the voice of Morgan and other heroes, whose names are as household words to us, as they recounted the stirring incidents of the days of trial, his mind is thoroughly stored with a minute knowledge of the important events of the struggle. He is a living link between the patriots of the old war and the present custodians of the prize which they won; and his memory, ever faithful, has preserved all it has received from the past. Within five years, he has produced six historical pictures, all remarkable for their fidelity in the delineation of costume. One is a representation of Washington at Yorktown, and the others are pictures of the several battles in which he was most conspicuously engaged, name-

ly, *Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Monmouth, and Yorktown*. We will consider these presently.

I have said that Mr. Custis is an adopted son of Washington. His father, John Parke Custis, one of the two children of Mrs. Washington, by her first husband, was an aid to the Chief at Yorktown. He was greatly beloved by Washington, for his many virtues, and for his mother's sake. Before the siege was ended, an attack of camp-fever compelled him to leave his post, and he retired to his home at Eltham, about thirty-five miles from York. Intelligence came to Washington that the malady menaced the life of his step-son; and soon after the capitulation he hastened to Eltham. Mrs. Washington was already there, with Dr. Craik, the friend of her husband, and his companion-in-arms on the field of Monongahela. He met the Chief at the door, and informed him that Mr. Custis had just expired. It was a terrible blow. The conqueror, at whose feet a royal army had just laid its weapons in submission, was bowed with grief, and he wept like a child. When he recovered his composure, he said to the weeping mother, "I adopt his two younger children as my own, from this hour." These were the present proprietor of Arlington House, and his sister, Eleanor Parke Custis, who married Major Lawrence Lewis, Washington's favorite nephew. She died in Clarke County, Virginia, in 1852, at the age of seventy-four years.

Mr. Custis was born in April, 1781, at Mount Airy, Maryland, the seat of his maternal grandfather, Benedict Calvert, a descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. He was only six



THE CHILDREN OF MRS. WASHINGTON.

LOSSING.

months of age when adopted by Washington, and remained in his family until the death of his grandmother, when he was about twenty-one years old. He was appointed a Cornet of Horse in 1799, and soon afterward was promoted as aid-de-camp to Major-general Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina. After the death of his grandmother, and the breaking-up of the family at Mount Vernon, in 1802, he began the erection of the present mansion at Arlington, an estate of a thousand acres, left him by his father, and lying upon the west side of the Potomac, opposite Washington City.

The mansion, delineated in the frontispiece, occupies a very commanding site upon the brow of an elevation more than three hundred feet above the tide-water of the Potomac, and half a mile from its shore. The building is of brick, and presents a front, with the centre and two wings, of one hundred and forty feet. The grand portico, which has eight massive Doric columns, is sixty feet in front, and twenty-five in depth. It is modeled after the Temple of Theseus, at Athens. In front, sloping toward the Potomac, is a fine park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of oak and chestnut, and clumps of evergreens; and behind it is a dark old forest, with patriarchal trees bearing many

centennial honors, and covering six hundred acres of hill and dale. Through a portion of this is the sinuous avenue leading up to the mansion. From the portico a brilliant panorama is presented. The Capitol, Executive Mansion, Smithsonian Institute, the growing magnificent Washington Monument, and almost every house in the Federal City, may be seen at a glance, from this point, while between them and Arlington flows the bright flood of the Potomac.

At the foot of a wooded slope, near the bank of the river, is Arlington Spring, so well known to pic-nic parties who come there from Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, during the warm season. It is a pure and copious fountain, gushing out from the roots of a huge and venerable oak, which doubtless stood there when the Red Man, in a remote age, came thither to slake his thirst. Around the spring is a beautiful grassy lawn, shaded by a variety of trees, and affording a pleasant summer resort. Actuated by that generous hospitality which is every where prevalent at the South, Mr. Custis erected, several years ago, various structures for the accommodation of visitors to Arlington Spring. He built a wharf for convenient landing; a store-room; a kitchen; a dining-hall, sixty feet



ARLINGTON SPRING.

in length; and a saloon of the same dimensions, for dancing in. No spirituous liquors are permitted to be sold on the premises, nor are visitors allowed to come there on the Sabbath. All that is asked in return, is the observance of those moral rules, and a reciprocation of the kind feeling which makes every class of respectable citizens cordially welcome. A little boat called the G. W. P. Custis, plies between the neighboring cities and Arlington Spring, during the warm season; and almost every day parties of from fifty to two hundred, are seen there. It is estimated that during the summer and autumn of 1852, more than twenty thousand people visited Arlington Spring.

While there is much to admire in the external beauties of Arlington, the chief attractions are the pictures within, and the precious relics of the great Patriot which are preserved there. Before we enter,

let us look a moment at the beautiful weeping-willow near the north end of the mansion. It is a shoot from the original twig brought to America by an English officer, in 1775, from Pope's Villa, at Twickenham, England. That officer came over with the intention of settling in America, not doubting that the rebellion would be entirely crushed in the course of a few months. He was soon convinced to the contrary, and abandoning all idea of remaining here, he presented the twig to the father of Mr. Custis, then Washington's aid at Cambridge. It was carefully preserved in an oil-silk covering. Mr. Custis planted it upon his estate at Arlington, on the Potomac. Pope's Willow came from the East, and was the parent of all the willows of that species in England; the willow at Arlington, became the parent of all other trees of the kind in America; and even furnished shoots, many years ago, for English gardens, where the tree had become extinct. There is a noble specimen of that species of willow, on the corner of Twenty-second-street and Third Avenue, New York. It was a twig taken from the parent tree at Arlington, by General Gates, and planted there by him when that portion of Manhattan Island was his Rose Hill farm.

The first picture that attracts attention in the spacious hall at Arlington, and the oldest and best in the collection, but one, is a superb por-



COLONEL DANIEL PARKE.

trait of Colonel Daniel Parke, an ancestor of Mr. Custis, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, the protégé of the great Duke of Marlborough. The exception alluded to is a fine picture of an old reformer, by Vandyke; painted, perhaps, sixty years or more earlier. The portrait by



JOHN CUSTIS.

Kneller is supposed to be the only specimen of that artist's work in this country.

Colonel Parke was a native of York County, Virginia, where he possessed large estates, but spent most of his time in England. He was the favorite aid to the Duke of Marlborough in the battle of Blenheim, in Germany, which was fought on the 2d of August, 1704. Marlborough commanded the English troops, and Marshal Tallard those of France and Bavaria. Tallard was defeated and slain, with a loss of twenty-seven thousand killed, and thirteen thousand made prisoners. By this victory the Electorate of Bavaria became the prize of the conquerors. Colonel Parke had the honor of bearing the joyful intelligence to Queen Anne, who gave him her miniature-portrait, set in diamonds, a thousand pounds sterling, and made him Governor of the Leeward Islands. His dress, as delineated, was rich in the extreme. The coat was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold; the waistcoat a silver gray fabric, with richly wrought figures of gold, and the sash green silk and gold. Upon his bosom, suspended by a scarlet ribbon, is seen the portrait of Queen Anne.

Near the portrait of Colonel Parke hung that of the Hon. John Custis, one of the King's Council, in Virginia, who married Parke's daughter. The connection appears not to have been a happy one. The lady, (whose portrait also hangs near) was proud and impracticable, fond of having her own way at all times, and very expert with her tongue in a war of words. As the unhappy husband could not match her while in life, he commissioned his monument to give *the last word* in the ear of posterity. By a provision of his will, his son and heir (the first husband of Mrs. Washington) was instructed, under pain of disinheritance, to have a monument erected, at a cost of five hundred pounds, sterling, with the following inscription engraved upon it:

"UNDER THIS MARBLE TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF THE HON. JOHN CUSTIS, ESQ.,
OF THE CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG,
AND PARISH OF BURTON,
FORMERLY OF HUNGAR'S PARISH, ON THE
EASTERN SHORE
OF VIRGINIA, AND COUNTY OF NORTHAMPTON,
AGED 71 YEARS, AND YET LIVED BUT SEVEN YEARS,
WHICH WAS THE SPACE OF TIME HE KEPT
A BACHELOR'S HOME AT ARLINGTON,
ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA."



DANIEL PARKE CUSTIS.

The monument was erected and inscribed, as directed, and is still there. It is of white marble, about five feet in height and six in length. Upon the other side is engraved, "This inscription, put on this tomb, was by his own positive orders."

Opposite these pictures hung the portrait of Daniel Parke Curtis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, painted by Woollaston. He was born at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and, at the time of his marriage with the beautiful Martha Dandridge, was an extensive tobacco planter in New Kent County, on the banks of the Pamunkey River. He died at the age of about thirty years, leaving his wife in the possession of a large fortune. By the side of this hung the portrait of his wife, painted by the same artist, and near them the portraits of their two children, delineated on a preceding page. She was a native of New Kent, and was remarkable, among the handsome belles who graced the courts of Governors Gooch and Dinwiddie, at Williamsburg, for her great beauty and accomplishments. She did not remain a widow long. About two years after her husband's death, she became acquainted with Colonel Washington, whose praise, on account of his military achievements, was upon all lips, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1759. Besides a large estate in lands, she brought to her husband thirty thousand pounds

sterling, consisting of certificates of deposit in the Bank of England. The estate of Mount Vernon, bequeathed to Washington conditionally, by his half-brother Lawrence, had just

lieu of banks, which were then unknown in America.

Mr. Custis possesses two other original portraits of Mrs. Washington. One is an exquisitely wrought miniature, executed by Robertson, in New York, in 1791. It is well engraved in the American Portrait Gallery. The other is a profile in colored crayons, by Sharpless. It was drawn from life, with a pantograph, in 1796, and, although well executed as a work of art, it is not considered an accurate likeness. But the portrait of Washington, by the same artist, and in the same style, was considered, by his family, the most faithful likeness of any extant. These are cabinet size. The copy given on the next page is about half the size of the original.

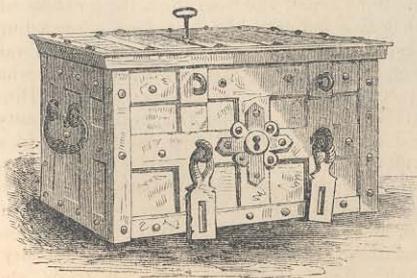
The original half-length portrait of Washington at the age of forty, painted life size, by Charles Wilson Peale, in 1772, is also here. He is dressed in the uniform of a Virginia colonel of that day—a blue coat with bright metal buttons, and red waistcoat and breeches. Near this portrait, suspended from the ceiling,



Mrs. Washington

came into his possession, and three months after their marriage, they took up their life-residence there.

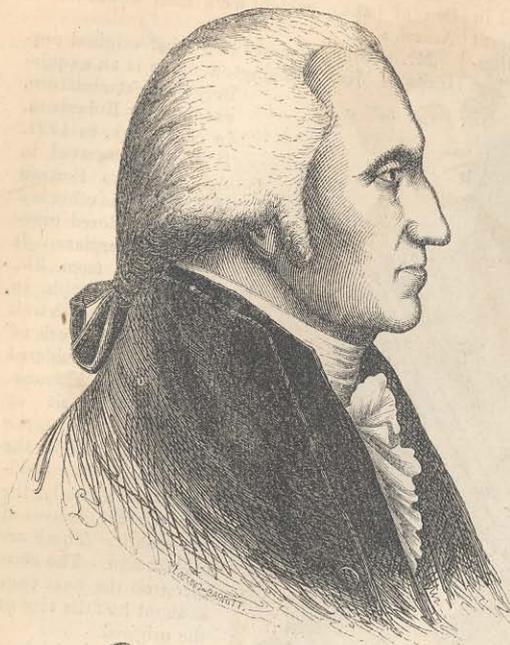
The little iron chest in which the certificates for the thirty thousand pounds were secured, is at Arlington House. It is twenty inches in length, thirteen in width, and eleven in depth, heavily banded, and secured by two boltlocks and two padlocks. Such chests were used in



IRON CHEST.

was the ancient lantern which hung in the great passage at Mount Vernon full eighty years, it having belonged to Lawrence Washington, the original owner of that estate. The frame is of iron, painted black, and is almost the pattern of fashionable hall lanterns of the present day.

An ancient side-board, which also belonged to Lawrence Washington, is a curious specimen of good furniture in Virginia, a hundred years or more ago. It is made of black walnut, ornamented with a delicate wreath of leaves upon its edges and legs. Its length is about five feet, and its width two and a half feet. Washington used it in his dining room at Mount Vernon, during his residence there. There, too, is the little mahogany tea-table, of oval form and three feet in length, which was made in New York for the executive mansion, in 1789, and, with other furniture made at that time, taken to Mount Vernon. This was a tea-table only, in the family of Washington, while he was President, for food was seldom set upon it. Washington, it is said, never ate any thing after din-



George Washington

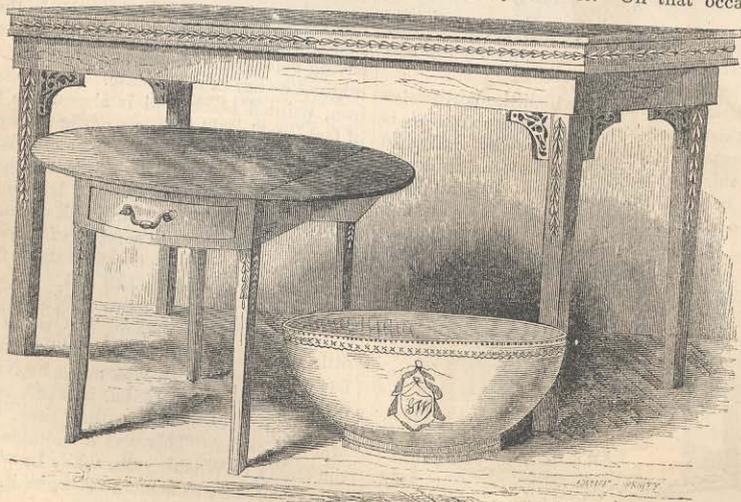
ner, but at about eight o'clock in the evening he generally sat down with his little family, and partook of a cup of tea at this table. The family sometimes had bread and butter with their tea. The large punch-bowl seen in the picture was made expressly for Washington,

cumstance connected with the use of the salver. Some years ago, a large military party, accompanied by ladies, came over from Washington to Arlington Spring for a day's recreation. Mr. C. sent his favorite servant, Charles, to wait upon the company at table. On that occasion the

but by whom is not known. It is pure white porcelain, with a deep blue border at the rim, ornamented with gilt stars and dots. In the bottom is a picture of a frigate, and on the side are the initials G. W. in gilt, upon a shield with ornamental surroundings.

Washington's silver tea-service, made in New York, in 1789, of the old family plate, is very massive. The salver is plain except a beaded rim. It is oval, twenty-two and a half inches in length, and seventeen and a half inches in breadth. Like the other pieces, it has the arms of the Washington family, engraved upon it. The salver possesses peculiar interest, because of its associations. It was used during the whole of the administration of Washington, for serving wine to guests. How many eyes, beaming with the light of great and noble souls, have looked upon its glittering plane! How many hands which once wielded mighty swords, and mightier pens, in the holy cause of universal freedom, long since crumbled into native earth, have taken from it the sparkling glass, and invoked health and long life for Washington! O, what a history is involved in the experience, so to speak, of that massive silver salver.

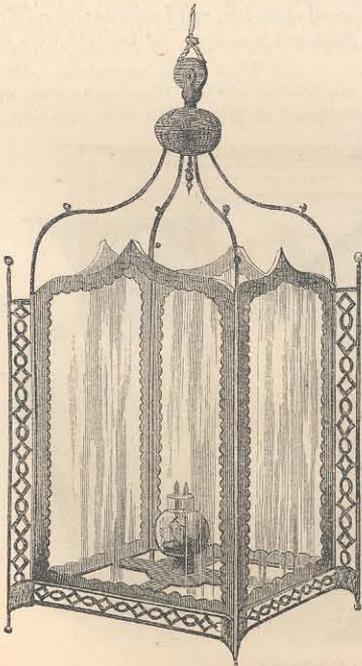
Mr. Custis related a pleasing cir-



SIDE-BOARD, TEA-TABLE, AND PUNCH-BOWL.



WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF FORTY.



THE LANTERN.

salver was sent down. Placing a dozen glasses of ice cream upon it, Charles carried it to the visitors, and said, "Ladies, this waiter once belonged to General Washington, and from it all the great ladies and gentlemen of the Revolution took wine." The young ladies, as if actuated by one impulse, immediately arose, crowded around Charles, and each, in turn, kissed the cold rim of the salver before touching the cream.

Washington received many tokens of personal regard from men abroad. Among his most ardent admirers in England was Samuel Vaughan, Esq., a wealthy Londoner. That gentleman had ordered an exquisitely wrought chimney piece of Sienna marble to be executed in Italy for his own house. On its arrival he ordered it not to be unpacked, but sent it immediately to America, as a present for Washington. At the same time he sent three beautiful porcelain vases, made in India, and ornamented in London. The chimney piece is in the drawing-room at Mount Vernon. It is ornamented with sculptures in bold relief, representing scenes in the art of husbandry. The vases are at Arlington House. The ground is a dark blue, with delicate gilt scroll and leaf ornaments, with landscapes painted upon one side of each, and groups of animals on the other.

Mr. Custis has a small painting upon copper,



WASHINGTON'S SILVER TEA SET.

which exhibits the heads of Washington and La Fayette, in profile, as a medallion. It was executed by the Marchioness De Brienne, and presented to Washington in 1789. Madame Von Berckel, wife of the first Ambassador from Holland, to the United States, also painted a very fine picture upon copper, eighteen by twenty inches in size, in testimony of her reverence for Washington. Upon the top of a short fluted

column, was a bust of Washington, crowned with a military and civic wreath. This stood near the entrance to a cave where the Parca or Fates—Clotho, the *Spinster*, Lachesis, the *Al-lotter*, and Antropos, the *Unchangeable*—were seen, busy with the destiny of the Patriot. Clotho was sitting with her distaff, spinning the thread of his life, and Lachesis was receiving it. Antropos was stepping forward with open



PORCELAIN VASES.



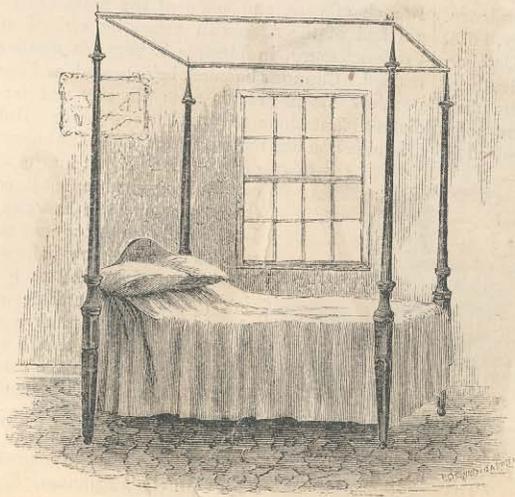
WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

shears to clip it, when Immortality, represented as a beautiful youth, seized the precious thread and bore it away to Fame, a winged female with a trumpet, in the skies, who bore it on to future ages. This picture was presented to Washington by Von Berckel, accompanied by the following lines, composed by the fair artist :

"In vain the Sisters ply their busy care,
To reel off years from Glory's deathless hair ;
Frail things shall pass, his fame will never die—
Rescued from Fate by Immortality."

Mr. Custis presented this picture to the venerable General Pinckney, to whose military family he had belonged, as a token of profound respect. The general, in his letter of acknowledgment, said, "It forms the best ornament of my best parlor." It is yet in possession of the family of that sturdy Southern Patriot.

In one of the chambers at Arlington House is the bed and bedstead upon which Washing-



WASHINGTON'S BED.

ton slept at Mount Vernon, and whereon he expired. The bed-posts are mahogany, and the frame is remarkable for its great width, being six feet. It was made, with other furniture, in New York, in 1789, and was in continual use by the Patriot, until the day of his death. The bed and bedding remain in precisely the same condition as when the good man left it for his final resting-place.

Tobias Lear, a gentleman of fine education, who was Washington's secretary for a long time, gave a simple but graphic account of the scenes at that bed-side, at the time of the death of Washington. It will be remembered that the malady was violent inflammation of the throat. On the first attack, Washington paid no attention to it, and on being advised to take some simple remedy for hoarseness, he said, "No; you know I never take any thing for a cold. Let it go as it came." That was on Friday evening, the 13th of December, 1799. Between two and three o'clock the next morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and with great difficulty of utterance, told her he was very unwell, and had had an ague. He would not permit her to rise to procure a remedy, lest she should take cold, but at day-light, when the servant came to make fire in the room, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. Washington was then breathing with great difficulty, and one of the overseers was called in to bleed him, while a servant was dispatched for Dr. Craik. The bleeding afforded no relief. Dr. Craik arrived at about nine o'clock, and other physicians were sent for. But all their remedies were applied in vain. The malady increased in violence, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the General whispered, "I find I am going. My breath can not last long. I believed, from the first, that the disorder would prove fatal." Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Craik went to the bed and asked the sufferer if he could sit up. He held

out his hand, and was raised up. He then said to the several physicians present, "I feel myself going; I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me." He lay down again, and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy and restless, but without complaining; frequently asking what hour it was.

At about eight o'clock the physicians came into the room and applied blisters and cataplasms of bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out, except Dr. Craik, without a ray of hope. About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak, and at length, with great difficulty, he whispered to Mr. Lear, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." He then looked at Mr. Lear,

and said, "Do you understand me?" Mr. Lear replied, "Yes;" when the expiring Patriot said, "It is well." These were his last words.

About ten minutes before his death, his breathing became easier. He felt of his own pulse, and a few moments afterward expired. The hour was eleven o'clock on Saturday evening. The only persons in the room at the time were Mrs. Washington, Dr. Craik, Mr. Lear, Mrs. Forbes the housekeeper, Washington's favorite house servant Christopher, and Caroline, Molly, and Charlotte, other servants. Mr. Lear held the hand of Washington to his bosom. Dr. Craik stood weeping near. Mrs. Washington sat at the foot of the bed, and Christopher was at its side. While all was silent, Mrs. Washington asked, with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" All were too full for utterance, but an affirmative sign assured her that he was no more. "'Tis well," she said, in the same voice; "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

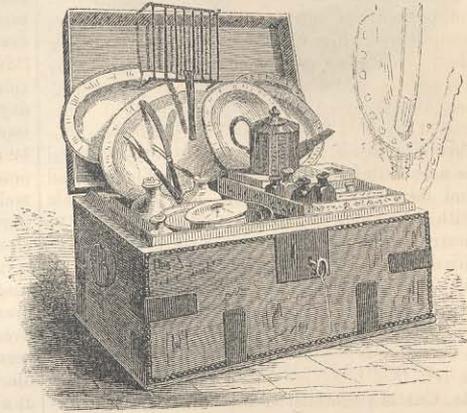
The disease which terminated the life of the great man was so rapid in its course that the absent members of the family did not reach home before his death. Major Lewis and Mr. Custis were in New Kent; and the distance at which Mr. Custis's elder sisters (Mrs. Law and Mrs. Peter) resided from Mount Vernon, prevented their witnessing his death. Of all the family at Mount Vernon at the time, only one survives, a venerable female servant, whom I saw at Arlington House, kneeling at the family altar every morning and evening, during my visit there. She was a girl of sixteen years, at the time of Washington's death.

One more precious memento of Washington, and that of more historic interest than any thing else at Arlington House, remains to be noticed. It is the General's *War Tent* which he used during the whole struggle for independence. It was first pitched at Cambridge in July, 1775, and folded up forever at Yorktown in October, 1781. It is still kept in the two large leathern portmanteaus in which it was carried from place to place during the war, with the tent-poles lying beside it. What a history is involved in



WASHINGTON'S TENT.

the experience of that tent! How many anxious hours the great Patriot Hero passed beneath its ample canopy! How many important dispatches were written, and commands uttered, beneath its covering! What a noble band of illustrious men—the noblest the world ever saw—gathered beneath it in council, from time to time, and determined upon those movements which achieved the independence of these United States! And how often, during fatiguing marches, did the Patriot and his military family partake of refreshment from the furniture of his camp-chest—a relic now carefully preserved with the original Declaration of Independence and other objects of interest, by the National Institute at



WASHINGTON'S CAMP CHEST.

Washington City. Within that tent Cornwallis was received, a prisoner and a guest. And when the conqueror folded it up at Yorktown, and was marching, as in triumphal procession, from the field of victory to the great council of the nation, one of the most touching scenes in his life occurred. Accompanied by many of the French officers, and some of the most distinguished of the American army, he arrived at Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where his mother resided. Cannons boomed, bells pealed, and the people came in crowds from the city and far-distant plantations, to greet the conqueror. But filial affection was burning intensely in the bosom of the Chief. Eight long and eventful years had passed since the mother and son had met. Leaving the great pageant as soon as courtesy would allow, Washington hastened to his sister, Mrs. Lewis, and desired her to inform his mother of his arrival, and his desire to embrace her. When the cannons boomed, and the bells rang, the mother of Washington was unmoved. With all a Cornelia's virtues, she possessed a Cornelia's firmness. She was as proud of her son as was

the mother of the Gracchii, yet she hid the feeling deep in her heart. She was preparing yarn for the weaver of cloth for her servants when the pageant entered the town, and she was still occupied with her toil, when her honored son entered. "I am glad to see you, George; you have altered considerably!" were the first words of the matron. During the whole interview, not a syllable was spoken by the mother or son, of the glorious achievements of his mind and hand.

That evening a ball was given at Fredericksburg in honor of the General. It was a gay scene, for many of the most brilliant of the French officers and of the *élite* of Northern Virginia aristocracy were there. Washington entered with an aged woman, of middle stature, leaning upon his arm. She was dressed in a plain black silk gown, and upon her head was a lawn cap, white as snow, without lace or ruffles, and fastened by tabs under her chin. It was MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. The French officers were astonished. So plain a woman the mother of the great Leader! They thought of the Dowager-Queen of France, of the brilliant Antoinette, and the high-born dames of the court of Louis the Sixteenth, and could not comprehend the matter. At nine o'clock in the evening the honored matron, with an air of parental authority, took her son by the arm, and said, "Come, George, it is time for me to be at home;" and the conqueror of Cornwallis left that brilliant throng for an hour, and escorted his mother to her humble dwelling. La Fayette visited her the next day, and with glowing language he spoke to her of the greatness of her son. The matron's reply conveyed one of the wisest lessons ever uttered: "I am not surprised, for *George was always a good boy.*"

The war-tent of Washington, so often spread upon the line of march and the battle-field, has since been used in the holy cause of religion. Twice it has been pitched in green fields, and thousands came and willingly paid liberal tribute for the privilege of sitting beneath it. Two churches were erected with the proceeds. May it never be called forth for a purpose less suggestive of good-will to man!

Let us turn from the contemplation of these memorials of Washington to a consideration of the patriotic labors of the self-taught amateur artist of Arlington House. I have already alluded to the productions of his pencil. The first picture in chronological order is TRENTON. The Chief is seen upon a white charger, with Greene at his left, and Muhlenberg, Mercer, and Sullivan, in the rear. The wounded man in the foreground is Lieutenant Monroe (afterward President of the United States); Captain William Washington, the brave dragoon of southern campaigns in after-years, has his hand upon the cannon, and causes Scheffer, the Hessian lieutenant-colonel, to drop the point of his sword, in token of submission. The large figure in the centre, dressed in a hunting-shirt (the costume

of riflemen), is Josiah Parker, of Virginia. Next him is Sherman, of Connecticut; and beyond him, Richard Parker, who was afterward shot at the siege of Charleston, is seen waving his hat for the Americans to rush on. Beyond the cannon, Colonel Rall, the Hessian commander, is seen falling from his horse, mortally wounded, into the arms of a grenadier.

The battle at Trenton was a very important one. Fearful and ominous were the clouds of gloom which gathered over the political firmament of America toward the close of 1776. England had sent some of her choicest troops and most skillful commanders to crush the rebellion by a single blow, and her transports had brought a horde of German mercenaries, known by the general name of Hessians, to plunder and murder the people. The city of New York had become the prey of the enemy early in September; and when the black frosts came, Long Island, Staten Island, and Lower Westchester, lay at the feet of the conqueror. In November, Fort Washington, the last foothold of the patriots upon Manhattan Island, was captured, with almost three thousand men; and Fort Lee, upon the summit of the lofty Palisades opposite, yielded a few days afterward. Then followed a spectacle which made every patriot heart pause in its pulsations. Washington, with his little army of half-equipped, half-clad, and half-famished troops, the last hopes of liberty in America, were flying before the well-disciplined battalions of Great Britain, over the plains of New Jersey, like a herd of frightened deer before the hounds. At almost every furlong the dispirited militia left the ranks, and, in utter despair, hastened to their forlorn homes to tell of personal woes and national misfortune. Every hour the patriot army lost numerical and moral strength; and when, on a keen December evening, it stood shivering upon the banks of the rapid Delaware, at Trenton, there were not two thousand strong right arms bared there in defense of the principles of the Declaration of Independence!

The patriots dared not remain long upon the banks of the freezing river, for already they could hear the drum of the pursuers, beating a quick march on their rear. They hastened across the flood in boats, and just as the last vessel, filled with Americans, reached the Pennsylvania shore, at midnight, a column of British troops entered Trenton with all the pomp of victors. The flood which afforded a passage for escape to the Americans, proved also the means of final deliverance. The British were afraid to attempt the passage, and waited for the increasing frosts to construct a bridge of ice, over which they might pass, crush the little band of patriots, and march upon Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. But God held "the bands of Orion," and in his hand were "the treasures of the snow" and "the hoary frost of heaven." For more than a fortnight the waters remained unchained, while the hopeful Washington was gathering new strength for a



BATTLE OF TRENTON.

decisive blow for freedom. While there remained a shadow of an army in the field—while Congress maintained its sittings and its unity—while a single ray of hope for success appeared, no thought of abandoning the righteous cause was harbored in the mind of that great man. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the Americans seems never to have burned with a brighter or steadier light than at this moment, when every where was gloom. Already, in the very darkest hours, he had conceived the masterly stroke of military skill which brought forth such a radiant spark of hope and joy upon the frozen banks of the Delaware.

While waiting for the freezing of the river, Cornwallis had cantoned his troops at different points in New Jersey, from Trenton to Mount Holly, and returned to New York. Fifteen hundred Hessians and British light troops were stationed at Trenton, to watch the movements of the Patriot army. The Christmas holidays drew nigh, and knowing the convivial customs of the Germans on that festival, Washington resolved to cross the river on the night of Christmas, not doubting he should find the enemy weakened by inebriating indulgence. His little army had been gradually increased by great exertions; and on the evening of Christmas Day, over two thousand hardy men, with twenty pieces of artillery, were silently mustered upon the western bank of the Delaware, eight miles above Trenton. Through masses of floating ice they crossed the flood, not in time, however, to reach Trenton before the dawn. With equal caution, but with celerity, they marched upon the town in two divisions. One was led by

Washington, assisted by Generals Lord Stirling, Greene, Mercer, and Stevens; and the other by General Sullivan. At the moment when they were discovered by the Hessian picket guard, the Americans rushed forward, and fell upon them with great fury, in the northern suburbs of the village. The Hessian drums beat to arms; but before the half-drunken Colonel Rall (the Hessian commander) and his officers, who had spent the night in carousal, could reach their saddles and gather their troops, the Americans closed upon them. A warm conflict ensued in the streets of Trenton until Rall fell, mortally wounded; and his affrighted troops cast down their arms and begged for quarter. The British light troops had fled, and no hope remained for the Germans. Only two Americans were killed and a few wounded. The victors secured a thousand prisoners, as many stand of arms, six brass field-pieces, and a large amount of ammunition. After visiting the wounded Rall, in person, and smoothing his dying pillow with a soldier's words of kindness, Washington, with his troops, his prisoners, and trophies, recrossed the Delaware, and that night took a position of safety on Pennsylvania soil.

Next in order is the battle at Princeton. The Chief is seen on his white horse, with Cadwalader, Fitzgerald, and St. Clair—the latter with his sword raised. Further on is Mifflin, waving his hat. On the left is seen Hitchcock, with part of a New England Continental regiment. Upon the cannon, in the foreground, is Haslet, of Delaware, mortally wounded; and to the left, near the drum, is the dead body of Potter, of Pennsylvania. Toward the right is General

Mercer, rising from the ground and defending himself against British bayonets. Near by is his mottled gray horse, severely wounded at the fore fetlock.

The battle at Princeton followed close upon that at Trenton. General Grant had boasted that, with five thousand men, he could traverse the length and breadth of the continent unharmed; and so certain was General Howe, the Commander-in-chief of the British army, that the retreat of Washington across New Jersey, and the rapid diminution of his army, were sure indications of despair, and ominous of a speedy submission of the rebels, that he had granted Cornwallis leave of absence. The earl was about to embark for England, when intelligence of Washington's exploit at Trenton reached the British head-quarters, at New York. The whole aspect of things was immediately changed. The contempt for the Americans, felt by the British commanders, gave place to compulsory respect and thorough vigilance. Cornwallis was ordered back to the command of the troops. Their cantonments were broken up, and the whole British force in New Jersey was soon concentrated in the direction of Trenton.

The effect of the victory at Trenton upon the Americans, was extremely inspiring. Congress had just clothed Washington with the discretionary powers of a *Military Dictator*. His shattered regiments were speedily filled with new levies and volunteers, and the military chest was replenished by Robert Morris, that strong right hand of government during the war. Thus strengthened, Washington again crossed the Delaware, and took post at Trenton. Cornwallis, who was at Princeton, immediately moved forward to attack him. At

sunset on the 2d of January, 1777, a skirmish ensued on the borders of the village, after which both armies lighted their fires and encamped for the night, with only a mill-stream between them.

A council of war was held in the American camp, and it was resolved to withdraw stealthily from Trenton, get in the rear of the British at Princeton, and, if possible, fall upon their stores at New Brunswick. But the ground was too soft to drag their heavy cannon over, and these were too essential to be left behind. Again, He that "keepeth the frost in his fingers," stretched forth his hand to aid the righteous cause. The wind suddenly changed to the north, and before midnight the ground was frozen hard enough to bear the cannon.

The whole American army was now put in motion for retreat, except a small party who were left behind to keep the camp-fires burning, and thus to allay suspicion. When the day dawned, Cornwallis opened his eyes upon a deserted camp. Sure of his prey in the morning, the earl had slept soundly and dreamed pleasantly. Whither had his intended victim fled? Suddenly a deep booming sound broke over the country from the east, and was soon followed by another and another. It was mid-winter and a cloudless morning, and yet Cornwallis thought it was distant thunder. But the quicker ear of General Erskine decided otherwise, and he exclaimed, "To arms, to arms! my lord! Washington has outgeneraled us. Let us fly to the rescue at Princeton!"

It was a keen winter's morning; and as the sun arose brilliantly, the startling apparition of a host of Americans, their arms glittering in the morning rays, burst upon the vision of Colonel Mawhood, who, with a detachment,



BATTLE OF PRINCETON, JANUARY 3, 1777.



BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN, OCTOBER 4, 1777.

was just leaving Princeton to reinforce Cornwallis. Mawhood wheeled, recrossed the stream he had just passed, before the Americans could reach it and confront him, and soon portions of the two armies were in conflict. It was the booming of their cannon which fell upon the ear of Cornwallis, and called him back from the Delaware, to aid his troops at Princeton and preserve his stores at New Brunswick. The battle waxed fierce and bloody; and, finally, British bayonets proved an overmatch for American rifles. The Patriots fell back, and there the brave Mercer, who had dismounted, and was at the head of his troops trying to rally them, was smitten down, and mortally wounded. Freedom then lost one of her bravest champions, and Virginia one of her noblest adopted sons. Other brave hearts ceased to beat in that conflict; and the cypress chaplet which the patriot weaves in memory of Mercer, should have commemorative leaves for Haslet, Potter, Morris, Shippen, Flemming, and Neal.

Perceiving the disorder, Washington ordered the Connecticut Continentals to advance; and rushing forward far in front, and exposed to the deadly volleys of the enemy, Washington rallied the flying troops, brought order out of confusion, and secured a victory. The British troops, discomfited, fell back in disorder, and fled. Some who took refuge within the classic wall of Nassau Hall, were made prisoners, and the victory was complete. At that moment Cornwallis appeared, marching upon Princeton. The Patriot army had not slept for thirty-six hours, nor tasted food for twenty-four. Too

weak to withstand the fresh troops of Cornwallis, or to make a descent upon New Brunswick, Washington pursued the fugitive Britons as far as Kingston, on the Millstone River. He destroyed the bridge there, and then pushed forward to Pluckemin. Cornwallis did not pursue, and the Patriots were allowed repose for a day. Then pushing on toward Morristown, they went into winter quarters there. From his snowy camp in the hill country of New Jersey, Washington sent out parties to harass the enemy; and within two months from the time when the exulting foe was pursuing him across the plains to the Delaware, not a British or Hessian soldier remained upon the soil of that State, except at New Brunswick and Amboy.

In the picture of the battle of Germantown, Washington is the most conspicuous figure in the central group. With him is Lord Stirling, Knox, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Harry Lee. Coming up with the reserve are Wayne and Walter Stewart. The fallen horse and his rider in the foreground is General Nash, of North Carolina. The same ball that shattered the rider's leg passed through the body of the horse, and killed him. By the cannon, on the right, is seen the British General Agnew, mortally wounded. In front of the central group is Colonel Proctor, directing the artillery. On the right, beyond the wounded artilleryman who is leaning upon the cannon wheel, is Colonel Mawhood, bringing up the British grenadiers.

The battle at Germantown was a severe one. Having been defeated on the banks of the Bran-

dywine, Washington retreated toward Philadelphia, and encamped at Germantown, six miles from the city, about the middle of September, 1777. Perceiving the tardiness of the movements of General Howe, his pursuer, the American commander resolved to retrace his steps, attack the British, and, if possible, save Philadelphia. He recrossed the Schuylkill, and for several days was engaged in manœuvres with the enemy along the banks of that stream. Awed by the presence of the British, the people were passive, and Washington could get no reliable information concerning the movements of his antagonist. By a skillful manœuvre, Howe deceived Washington, crossed the Schuylkill a little above Norristown, and pushed forward to Philadelphia. He took possession of Philadelphia without opposition, and then stationed the main division of his army at Germantown. The Americans took post upon the Metuchen Hills, on Skippack Creek.

Howe weakened his force by sending detachments to execute various enterprises in the vicinity. Washington resolved to take advantage of this, and fall upon his troops at Germantown. His plan was judiciously arranged, and if it had been promptly executed, would have resulted in a victory for the Americans. The division of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's brigade, were to enter the town by the main road leading toward Norristown, while General Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to gain the British rear. The divisions of Greene and Stephen, flanked by McDougal's brigade, were to attack the enemy's right wing; the Maryland and Jersey militia, under Smallwood and Forman, were to fall upon the rear of the right; and Lord Stirling, with the brigades of Nash and Maxwell, were to form reserve corps.

At dark on the evening of the 3d of October, the column of Sullivan and Wayne, accompanied by Washington, moved silently from the camp on Skippack Creek, toward Germantown. As they emerged from the woods on Chestnut Hill, at dawn the next morning, they were discovered by the British patrols. The drums beat to arms, and a strong detachment of the enemy was drawn up at Mount Airy to oppose the Americans. The patriots pressed steadily forward until within musket shot of the British, when they fired, and marched forward with great impetuosity. The enemy were driven back in confusion, closely pursued by the Americans. In the village stands a strong stone house (seen on the right of the picture) which belonged to Judge Chew. Into that house Colonel Musgrove and several companies of the British centre took refuge, as the torrent swept on, and by volleys of musketry from the windows checked the advance party of the pursuers, under Colonel Woodford, of Virginia. The pursuit would have been continued until crowned with victory, had not the excessive prudence of superior officers prevented. Woodford was not allowed to pursue further, and at the same

time the Pennsylvania militia failed to attack the British left. The golden opportunity was that moment lost. It was afterward ascertained that the whole British army was about to retreat, and had selected Chester as a place of rendezvous. But perceiving his left flank, upon which Armstrong was to fall, secure, General Grey marched to the aid of the centre, and the battle again raged furiously within the village. A thick fog now enveloped the contending armies, and each party was ignorant of the movements of the other. The column of General Greene, engaged with the British right, was unsupported by the Maryland and New Jersey militia; and a panic having seized a part of the troops, the whole body gave way, and retreated under cover of Count Pulaski's legion. The conflict had continued almost three hours, when the firing ceased. The Americans fell back to their camp on Skippack Creek, from whence they marched to White Marsh, and finally to Valley Forge, where they passed the severe winter of 1777-78.

THE BATTLE AT MONMOUTH continued longer than any other during the war. In the picture, Washington is seen on his white charger, with Greene near him. Knox is on the most prominent horse on the right, and near him are Hamilton, Cadwallader, and other Continental officers. In the foreground is seen a wounded rifleman. On the right, near a disabled cannon, is Dickinson of Virginia; and on the left, by the drum, Bonner of Pennsylvania. On the left is seen a group of artillery, with the famous "Captain Molly" at the gun. She was a young Irish woman, only twenty-two years of age, wife of a gunner, and during the heat of action was engaged in bringing water to her husband from a spring. A cannon shot killed the gunner at his piece; his wife saw him fall, and dropping her bucket, she seized the rammer, and vowed that she would take her husband's place at the gun, to avenge his death. She performed the duty until the close of the action, with a skill and courage which challenged the admiration of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with dirt and blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant, which her husband held. By his recommendation her name was placed upon the list of half-pay officers for life. She usually wore the coat of an artilleryman over her petticoats, and went by the name of Captain Molly. The venerable widow of General Hamilton, yet living at Washington, at the age of ninety-five years, informed me that she had often seen the heroine. She says the French officers, charmed by the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns. Captain Molly died near Fort Montgomery, in the Hudson Highlands.

Terrible was the suffering endured, and wonderful was the love of country manifested at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777-78.



BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, JUNE 28, 1778.

There, in the midst of frost and snow, disease and destitution, Liberty erected her altar, and found unwavering worshipers. In all the world's history we have no record of purer devotion, holier sincerity, or more pious self-sacrifice, than was there exhibited in the camp of Washington. The courage that nerves the arm on the battlefield, and dazzles by its brilliant but evanescent flashes, pales before the steadier and more intense flame of *patient endurance*, the sum of the sublime heroism displayed at Valley Forge. And if there is a spot on the face of our broad land whereon Patriotism should delight to pile its highest and most venerated monument, it should be in the bosom of that little vale on the banks of the Schuylkill. It was after the trials of the winter there, and when the warmth of summer brought comfort, and the news of the alliance with France came from abroad to assure their courage, that the patriot army received intelligence that the British were about to leave Philadelphia for New York. Preparations were immediately made to pursue them.

Sir Henry Clinton, then the British Commander-in-chief, left Philadelphia on the 18th of June, 1778, and, crossing the Delaware, took up his march for New Brunswick. Washington and his army crossed above Trenton, and pursued him. Clinton was compelled to change his direction, and march for Sandy Hook, where he intended to embark for New York. Washington pressed so hard upon him, that at Monmouth Court House (Freehold, New Jersey) Clinton halted, and prepared for battle. Washington eagerly accepted the opportunity, and on the evening of the 27th of June, both parties were prepared for conflict.

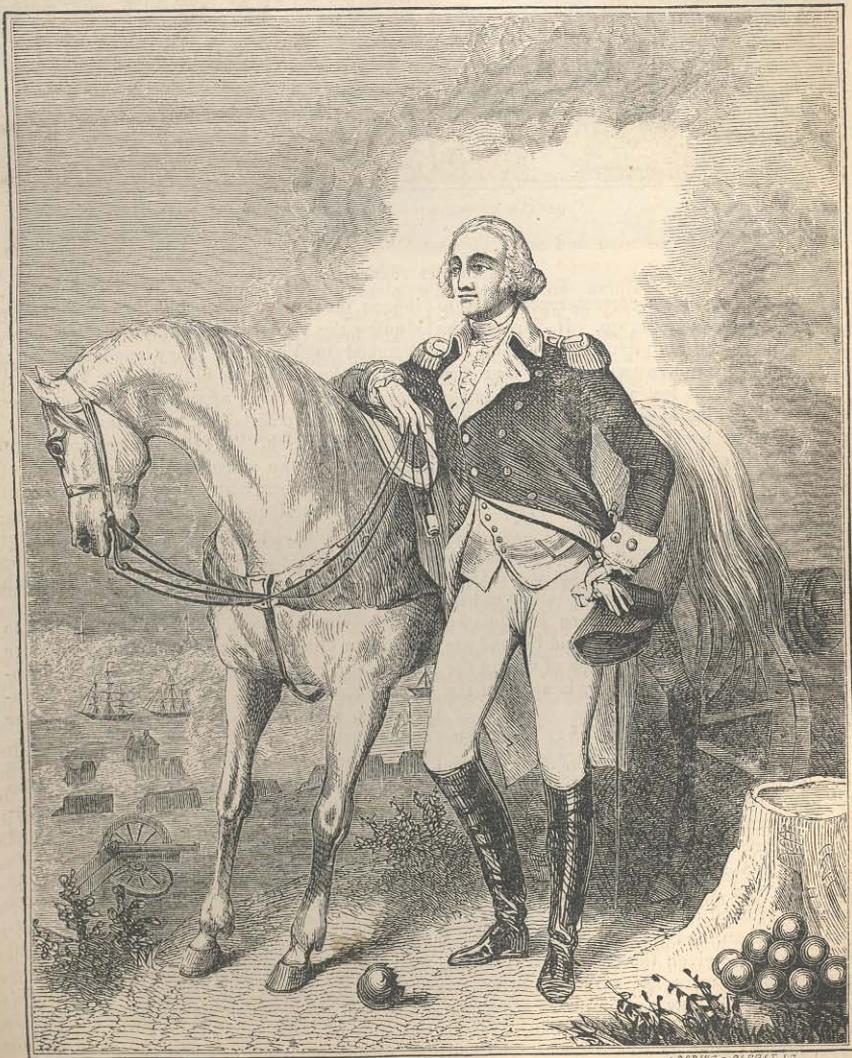
It was the morning of the Christian Sabbath when the van of the two armies met on the plains of Monmouth. Seldom had a sultrier day dawned, and the fiery sun arose unclouded. The brave General Charles Lee commanded the first division, and the impetuous Wayne opened the bloody drama of the day. Like a whirlwind he swept from a wooded height, and had he not been checked in mid career by an order from General Lee, he would doubtless have decided the fortune of the day in favor of the Americans, within half an hour. But Lee ordered him to fall back, and soon afterward issued such commands as caused almost the whole division to retreat. Hearing the firing, Washington had pressed forward with the second division, and met the flying detachments, hotly pursued by the enemy. No notice of the retreat had been communicated, and the safety of the whole army was jeopardized. Deeply mortified at the disgraceful movement, Washington ordered the commander of the first division of the fugitives to halt, and then, spurring his horse, he dashed forward with his staff to the rear of the flying column, where he met Lee, at the head of the second division of the retreating forces. With bitter emphasis, and glances of hot anger, Washington demanded the cause of the shameful retreat. Stung by the reproof, Lee retorted sharply. It was no time for personal strife. Wheeling his horse, Washington hastened to the flying regiments, rallied them, restored order, and turned with deadly power upon the foe. The action soon became general. The heat was intense, for the sun was climbing to the meridian. Many fell down through mere exhaustion, and yet the battle raged. Hour after hour

of that sultry day wore away, and backward and forward, over the sandy fields, the combatants swayed. At length Wayne poured terrible volleys into the ranks of the grenadiers of the centre, and Colonel Monckton, their commander, fell. His companies recoiled, the centre gave way, and the whole British army fell back to the heights of Freehold.

It was now almost sunset, and both armies coveted repose. Washington determined to renew the attack at dawn, and his troops slept upon their arms that night. Wrapped in his cloak, the chief, with his staff, slumbered profoundly beneath the green canopy of a spreading oak, around which many of the slain slept their last sleep. He felt sure of victory on the morrow, when his refreshed troops should rise to battle. But the dawn brought disappoint-

ment. Like the Americans at Trenton, the British retreated at midnight, and at day-break they had made a three hours' march toward Sandy Hook. Considering the distance they had gained, the extreme heat of the weather, and the fatigue of traveling in the deep sand of the road, Washington did not pursue, and Clinton escaped. The Americans marched to New Brunswick, and from thence proceeded to the Hudson River. The British embarked on transports at Sandy Hook, and reached New York in safety. But for the strange conduct of Lee in the morning, Clinton and his army would probably have shared the fate of Burgoyne and his troops at Saratoga, a few months previously.

The picture of WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN is five feet by four in size, and was painted by



WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN.

LOISING-BLANCHET, SC.



SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.

Mr. Custis, to exhibit a correct representation of the figure of Washington. It displays the best coloring of all his pictures. That of *THE SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN* is about four feet and a half, by eight feet and a half, and is the largest of all his battle-pieces. Washington is seen on a white horse. Knox, commander of the artillery, is on a bay horse; and immediately behind the commander-in-chief is the Count de Rochambeau, on a bay horse, with Viomenil by his side, and the Duke de Lauzun behind him. Beyond are several French and American officers, and the flags of the two nations. General O'Hara is seen surrendering the sword of Cornwallis. At a little distance is Lincoln, leading out the British column, and beyond are the British works, and their ships of war in the York River. The French army is seen on the extreme right.

The great question was decided at Yorktown, on the banks of the York River, in Virginia, when Lord Cornwallis, with over seven thousand men, surrendered to the American and French forces. In order to carry on a depredating warfare in Virginia and Maryland, Cornwallis, with a strong force, took position at Yorktown, and Gloucester opposite, in September, 1781, and strongly fortified them. La Fayette, Steuben, and Wayne were in Virginia, and had already given the earl much trouble; but their forces were not sufficient to attack his lordship in his new position with any prospect of success. In the meanwhile, French troops, under Count de Rochambeau, who had wintered in New England, had joined Wash-

ington on the Hudson; and the allied armies, eluding the vigilance of Clinton at New York, marched to Virginia. They rendezvoused at Williamsburg, twelve miles above Yorktown, and on the morning of the 28th of September, marched in two divisions, by separate roads, to invest the British. They were occupied in preparations for the siege until the afternoon of the 9th of October, when a general discharge of twenty-four and eighteen pound cannon commenced upon the British works. Day after day the enemies' strong-holds crumbled. The American and French troops vied with each other in skill and valor.

Perceiving his peril, Cornwallis attempted to escape to Gloucester, and from thence to flee northward, by rapid marches, across the Rappahannock and Potomac, through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, to New York, the head-quarters of the British army in America. He had even embarked a large number of his troops upon the York River, when He "who rideth upon the wings of the cherubim" interposed. A storm of wind and rain, almost as sudden and as fierce as a summer tornado, arose, and made the passage of the York too perilous for further attempts. The last ray of hope now faded. Despairing of either victory or escape, or of aid from the British fleet while De Grasse with French ships of war guarded the mouth of the York, Cornwallis made overtures for capitulation. Arrangements were made, and on the 19th of October, 1781, the British troops laid down their arms in submission.

The ceremony on the occasion of the surren-



SURRENDER OF BRITISH COLORS AT YORKTOWN.

der was exceedingly imposing. The American and French armies were drawn up on either side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton. Washington and Rochambeau, each on horseback, were at the head of their respective columns. A vast concourse of people had assembled from the surrounding country to participate in the joy of the event. Universal silence prevailed as the vanquished troops slowly marched out of their entrenchments, with their colors cased, and their drums beating a British tune, and passed between the columns of the combined armies. All were eager to look upon Cornwallis, the terror of the South, in the hour of his humiliation. He spared himself the mortification, by feigning illness, and sent General O'Hara to deliver his sword to Washington. When O'Hara advanced for the purpose, Washington pointed him to Lincoln for directions. It must have been a proud moment for Lincoln, for only the year before he had been obliged to make a humiliating surrender of his army to British conquerors at Charleston. Lincoln conducted the royal troops to the field selected for laying down their arms, and there General O'Hara delivered to him the sword of Cornwallis. Lincoln received it, and then politely handed it back, to be returned to the earl.

The delivery of the colors of the several regiments, twenty-eight in number, was next performed. For this purpose, twenty-eight British captains, each bearing a flag in a case, were drawn up in a line. Opposite to them, at a distance of six paces, twenty-eight American sergeants were placed in line to receive the colors. Ensign Wilson, of General James Clinton's brigade, was commissioned by Colonel Hamilton, the officer of the day, to receive them. When Wilson gave the orders for the British captains to advance and deliver their colors to the sergeants, they hesitated. They were unwilling to deliver them to non-commissioned officers. Hamilton, who, from a distance, observed the hesitation, rode up to inquire the cause. On being informed, he willingly spared the feelings of the officers, and ordered Wilson to receive them himself, and hand them to the sergeants. The scene is depicted in the engraving.

When the colors were surrendered, the whole British army, a little more than seven thousand in number, laid down their arms, and divested themselves of their accoutrements. They were then marched back to their lines, and placed under a guard until ready to march for permanent quarters in Virginia and Maryland.

Such were the stirring scenes which Mr. Custis, with filial and patriotic zeal, has attempted to delineate in the series of pictures we have copied. The circumstances under which they have been produced invest them with peculiar interest. They are creditable alike to the genius and patriotism of the amateur artist. Nor has the muse of painting, alone, been courted by him, but poetry and music have ever been his delight, and now afford him much pleasure in the evening of his life. He has written several

dramas since he passed the age of fifty years, which were very popular in their day; and the sweet tones of the violin are often drawn forth by his touch in the old halls at Arlington House.

One evening while there, Mr. Custis, with his violin, accompanied the music of a piano in the performance of several old airs, some of which were very popular, especially among the military, fifty years ago. Among these was *The President's March*, concerning which Mr. Custis related an interesting bit of history. It was composed in the autumn of 1789, during the early part of Washington's first presidential term, by a German, named Feyles, who was then the leader of the orchestra at the little theatre in John-street, New York. That playhouse was a rickety affair, capable of seating about three hundred persons. There were performances in it only three times a week. The President and his family frequently attended. A box was provided for them on one side of the stage, and upon the opposite side was another for John Adams (the Vice-President) and his family. As "The Court" thus gave countenance to the drama, the little theatre became a place of fashionable resort, and while the seat of the Federal Government remained in New York, it was harvest-time for the managers. The President always informed the manager when he intended to visit the theatre. On these occasions, he was met by the manager at the door of the theatre, who, bearing two wax-candles, escorted the President to his box. It was on one of these occasions that *The President's March*, composed in honor of the Chief Magistrate, was first performed, at the moment when Washington entered the theatre. Mr. Custis and his grandmother were with the President at that time; and he speaks of the pleasing effect of the music upon the audience. The air became very popular; and when, a few years later, the words of one of our national songs were written, it was slightly altered, and has ever since been known as HAIL COLUMBIA.

Mr. Custis also informed me that *Washington's March*, so popular with the military in former times, was composed by Charles Moore, of Alexandria, Virginia. Moore was wounded in the battle on the Brandywine in September, 1777, and while convalescing, he composed that popular march. He often played it upon his violin, for the amusement of Mr. Custis, and other friends.

Ever green in memory will be my visit to Arlington House, where frank and generous hospitality, intellectual converse, and the highest social refinement make their pleasing impressions upon the mind and heart. Since then, alas! the light of the dwelling has been extinguished, and a cloud of grief has gathered over that happy home. The ever joyous spirit of the son of Washington is saddened, for the partner of his joys and sorrows through half a century, has been plucked from that beauteous home on earth, and borne away to a more lovely paradise in the Spirit Land.